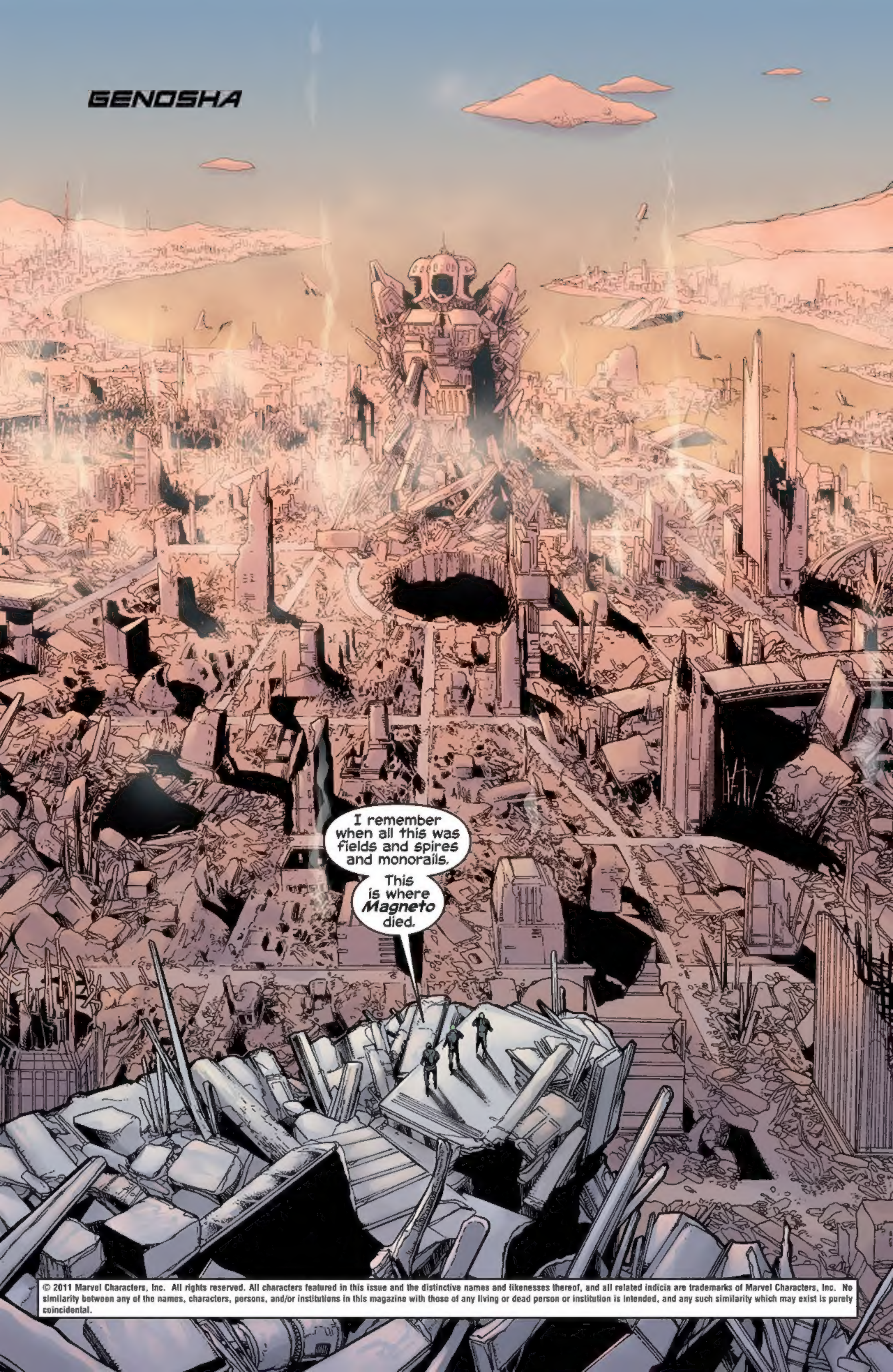
MARVEL
PG 132
MORRISON
JIMENEZ
LANNING
NEW
MEN
FRANK QUITELY
WWW.MARVEL.COM
© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.



© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

I'm sorry, Quicksilver, but *good riddance.*
Magneto was a Master-Race *lunatic* who coerced the entire Genoshan mutant population into a war with humanity and brought this on *himself.*
Sabra ...
Magneto was my *father.*

Otherwise you're *right.*
I'll meet you both back at the *dome* -- I'm impatient to rendezvous with *Professor X* and get the hell out of this godforsaken graveyard.

Quicksilver! Please, I didn't mean ...
Oh no.

I wished I'd just stayed in *Paris* with X-Corp -- this has been the *worst* weekend of my life.
I keep saying the wrong thing and Quicksilver is so *uptight* all the time...
Neal, right? I'm *terrible* with names...
Neal, yes.
Call me *Thunderbird* -- sometimes code-names are easier.

Ttuh!

Do I *know* you?

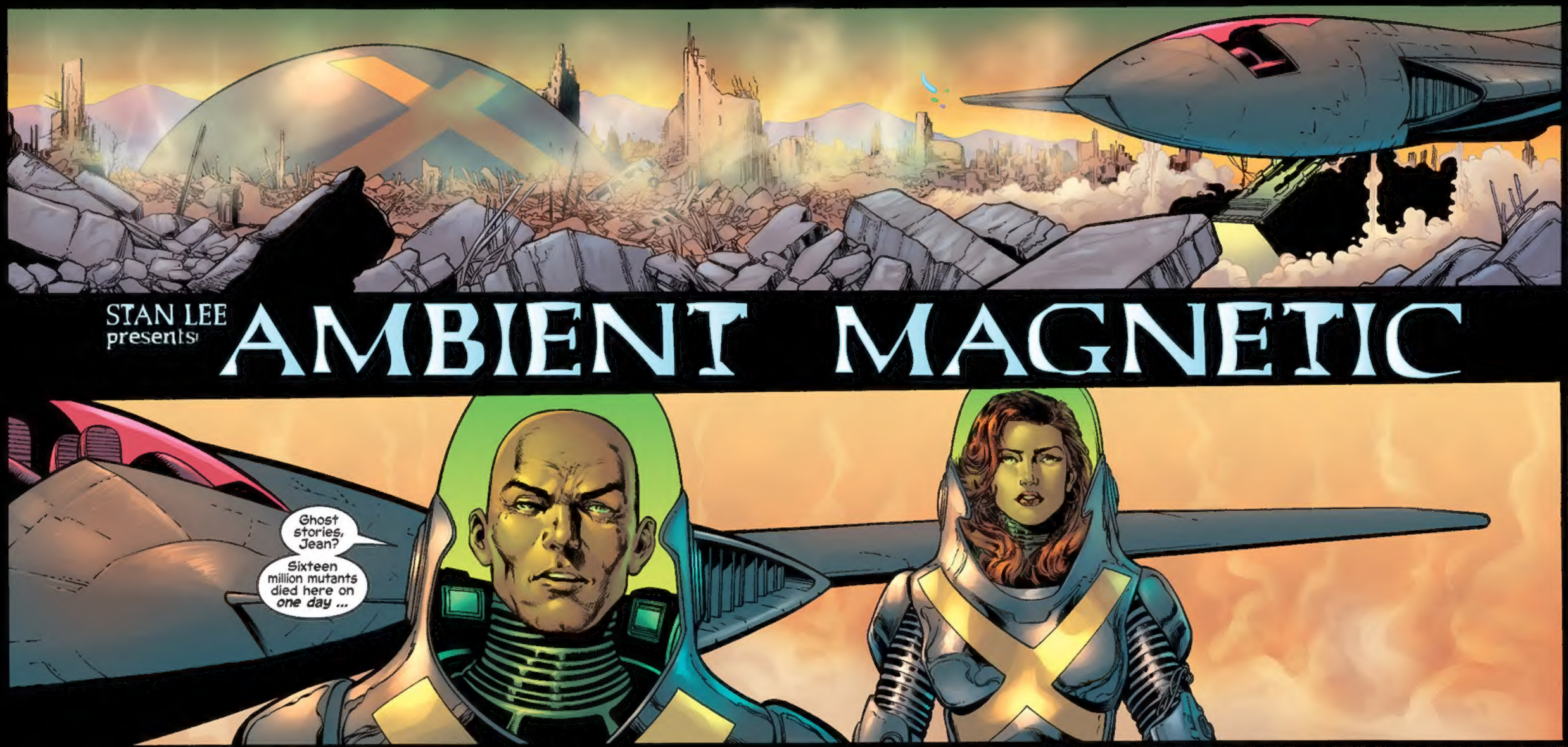
Nnghhh...

Untouchable... I'm supposed to be *untouchable...* *kuhh*

But they came right through...

...they came right through my forcefield...

...ghosts... millions of ghosts all buzzing... millions of voices... talking in me... following her.

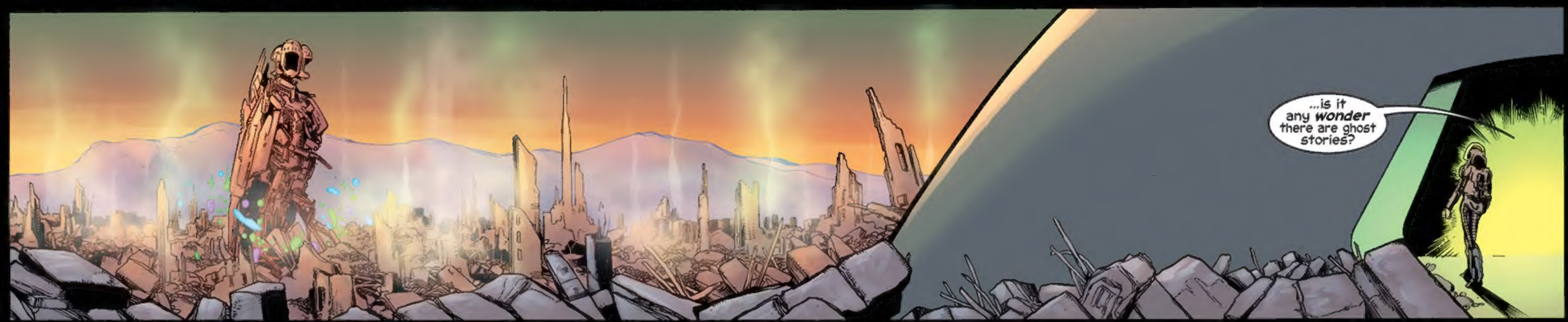


STAN LEE presents:

AMBIENT MAGNETIC FIELDS

GRANT MORRISON writer PHIL JIMENEZ pencils
ANDY LANNING inks FRANK QUITELY cover
RICHARD STARKINGS & COMICRAFT'S JIMMY letters CHRIS CHUCKRY colors

MIKE RAICHT & NOVA REN SUMA assistant editors MIKE MARTS editor
QUESADA chief JEMAS president



If anyone wants to score Brownie points, Charles Xavier particularly *loves* Japanese green tea.
Spoken like a prize pupil, Storm.
He's here.
Try to look busy.

Morning, everyone.
We're beginning to wonder if the decision to stop here on our way to *India* was a wise one, after all.
The word is *'grim as hell'*, Professor.

Professor Xavier.
It's so good to see you again. You look well.
I feel *wonderful*, Neal -- traveling seems to suit me.
And *Sabra!* Glad to see you made it, Ruth.

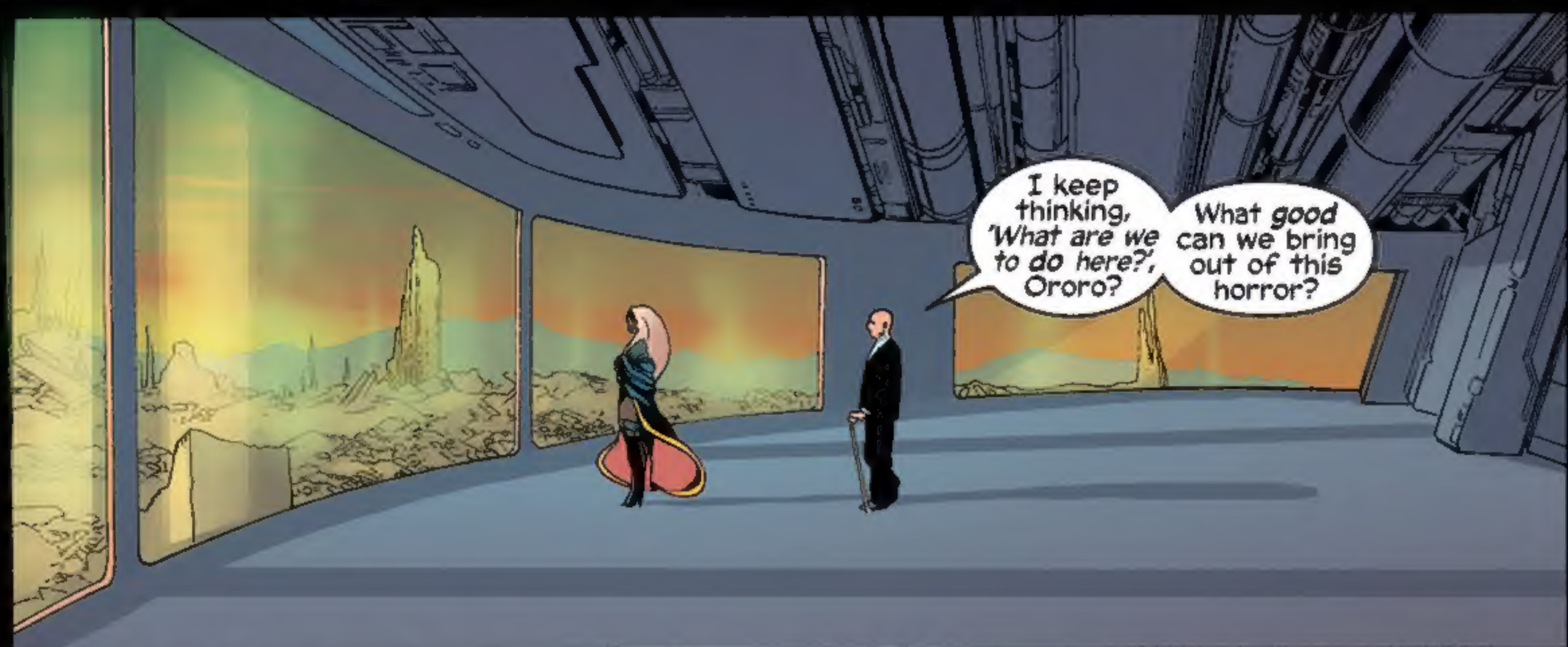
I think we all have to see Genosha for ourselves at least *once*.
We heard something *happened* just before we arrived?
Unus, the Untouchable Man?

They were ghosts!
You tell me what else they were!

Tell me what else can go through walls and skin and bone?
He kept the magnetic fields alive -- see!
Angelo, bambino, calm down...
Charles, can you see what he's seeing? These weird shapes...

Passing right through his force field...
It's all right, Angelo. Your protective shield is intact. Listen to Jean...
So many million voices of the dead...
...and this girl running at the head of the procession, with hair like the sea... green as the sea...

Do you mean Polaris?


I keep thinking, 'What are we to do here?', Ororo?
What good can we bring out of this horror?

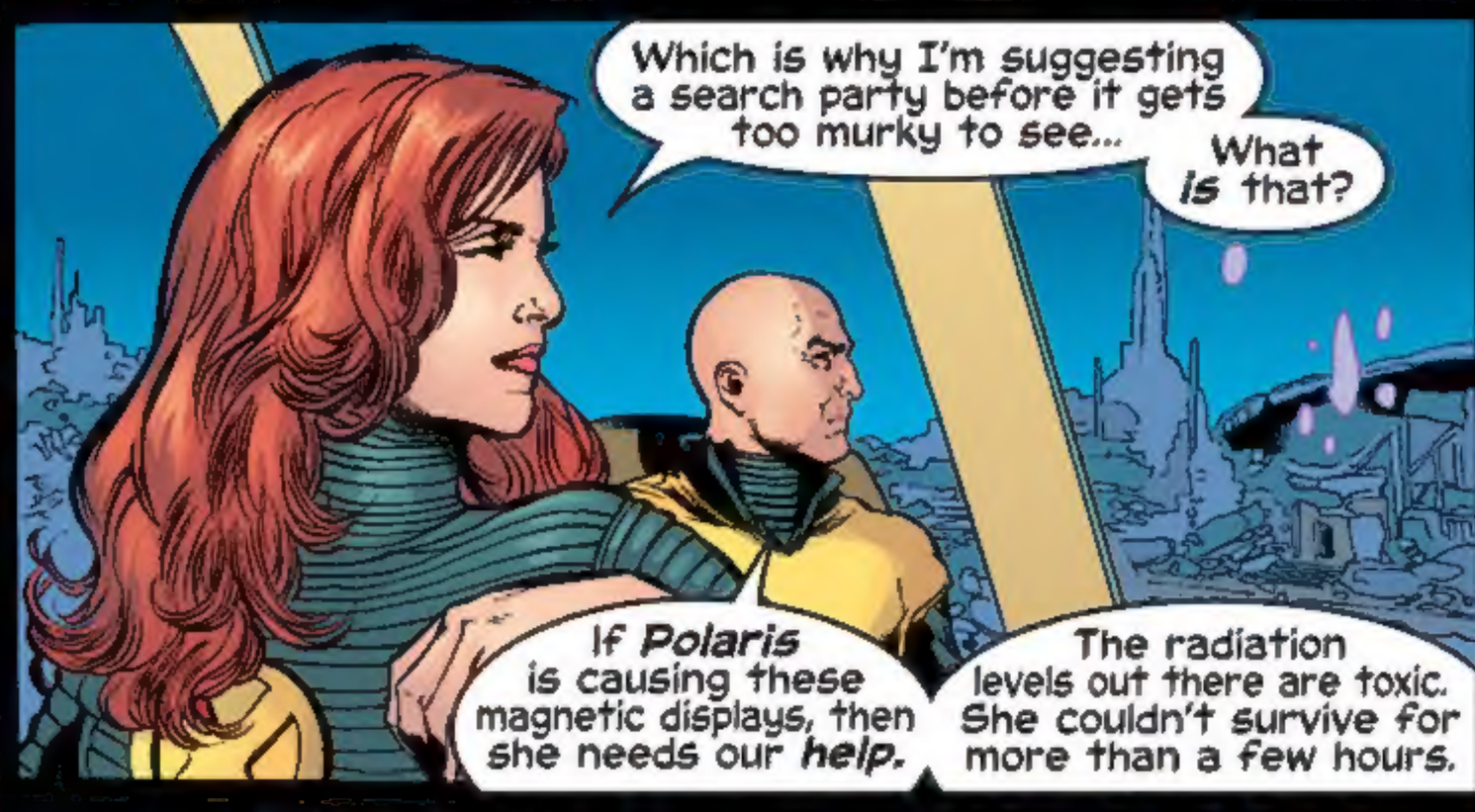
I arrived only three days ago, Charles... I've seen nothing but charred bones and the ashes of children.
So far I can only bring grief and pity.
But something survived. Everyone seems to think so.
Unus saw something.

Do you believe in ghosts, Charles?
No.
Sometimes I wish I could.

I think I do believe.
Ghosts come in many forms.
We don't get to talk often enough these days, do we?

...we only know one green-haired woman.
Lorna Dane would be able to generate the kind of magnetic field anomalies we've been recording.
If that's what they *are*.
With respect, Professor Xavier, the previous X-Corporation relief team reported strange visual manifestations. Figures were seen, voices heard...
Green tea?

But Unus wasn't *alone*. We know that now.
Jean and I have become aware of several *living* mutant minds here on the island.
They're here for some reason we don't understand.


Which is why I'm suggesting a search party before it gets too murky to see...
What *is* that?
If *Polaris* is causing these magnetic displays, then she needs our *help*.
The radiation levels out there are toxic. She couldn't survive for more than a few hours.

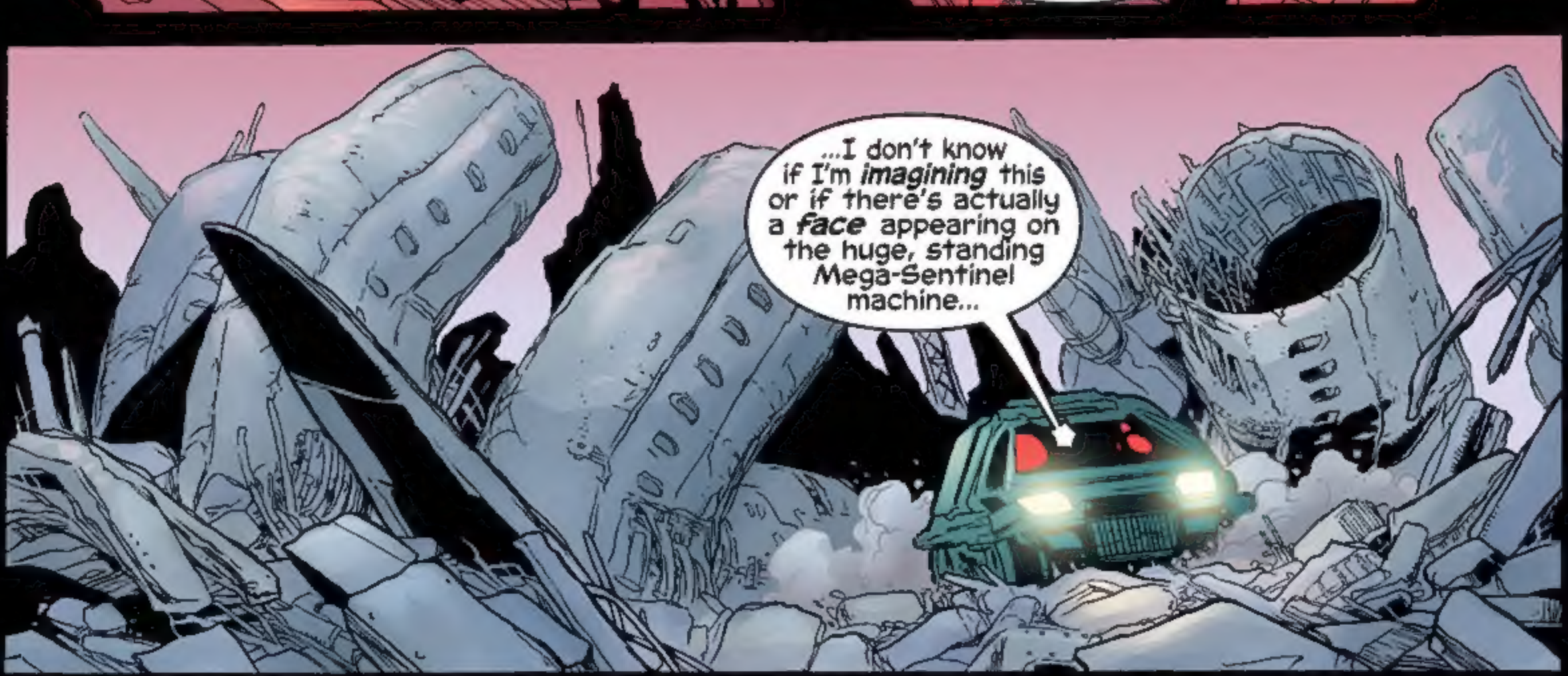
The X-Men are not the *only* mutants to come here, Professor X.
There are people who think my father *survived* the Sentinel attacks.
I know. I've seen the t-shirts.
What do *you* think, Pietro?

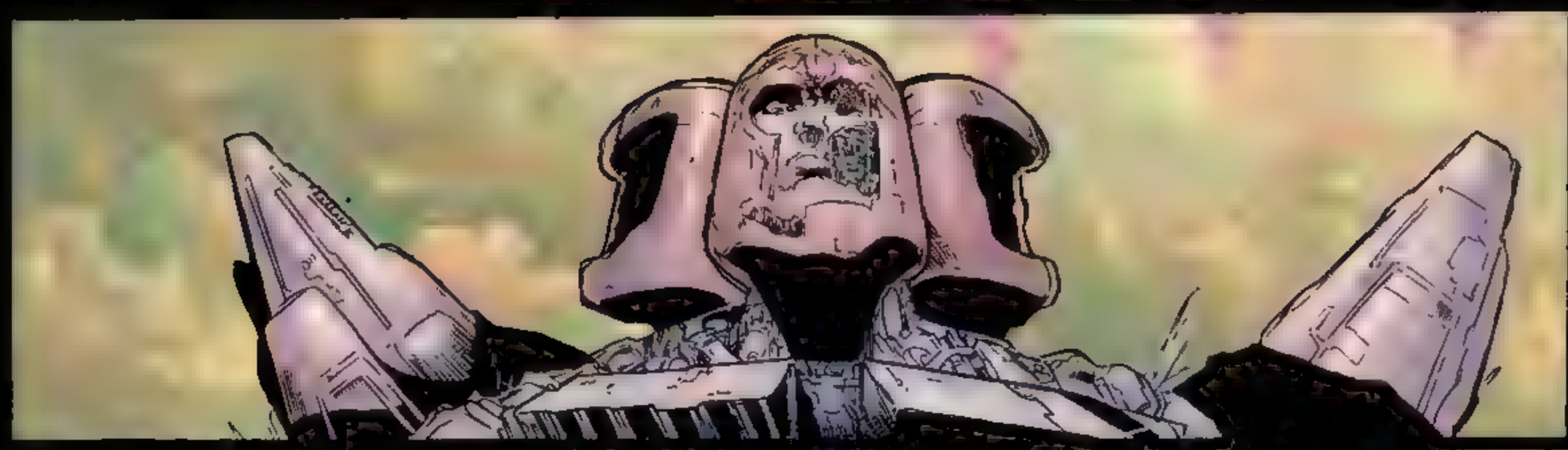
I think my father's greatest trick is to be more dangerous *dead* than he ever was alive.

This was *Magda Square.*
The Mega-Sentinel attacks were concentrated here on the Parliament buildings, am I right?

Wouldn't Polaris come here? This is right where Magneto *died.*
Mm. There's something here... a strange, troubling presence...
It's not a human *or* mutant mind, whatever it is.
Should we proceed?

Charles, you look like you have something on your mind.
I do, Storm.
Excuse me, but I keep glancing in the rear-view mirror and...


...I don't know if I'm *imagining* this or if there's actually a *face* appearing on the huge, standing Mega-Sentinel machine...



Well, now.
It *had* to happen, didn't it?
Here we are minding our own *business,* trying to pay our respects in our own way... and who turns up but the *mutant police.*
What *happened?*
Unus show up *drunk* somewhere and turn us all in for beer money?

We're not police, *Toad.*
We're not here to fight any of you.
Especially not here.

This place has seen enough fighting.
Wouldn't you say so?

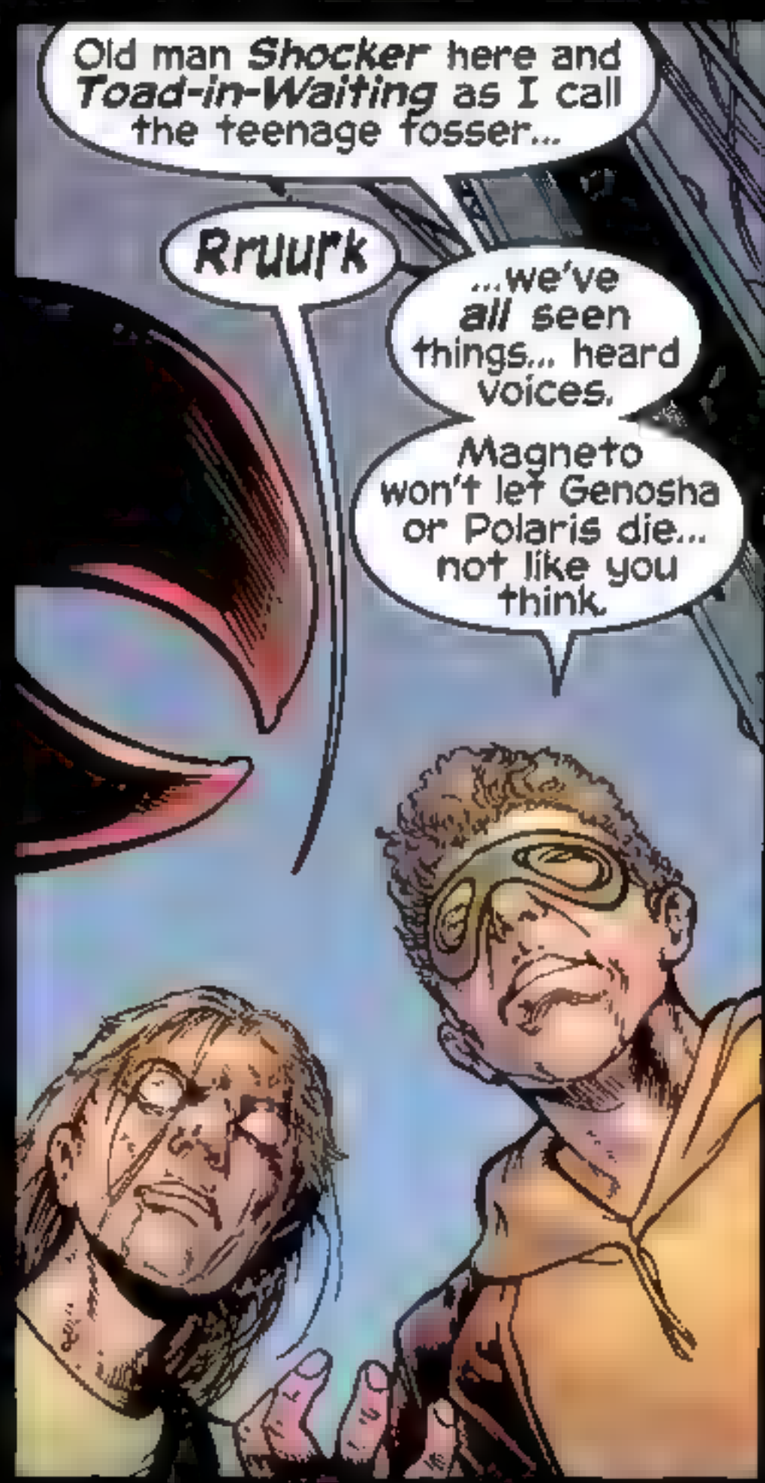
That's right, Professor.
So clear off while you've still got the *legs* to trot with, eh?

Rraaurrk
Bring on the species traitors!
Human collaborators!

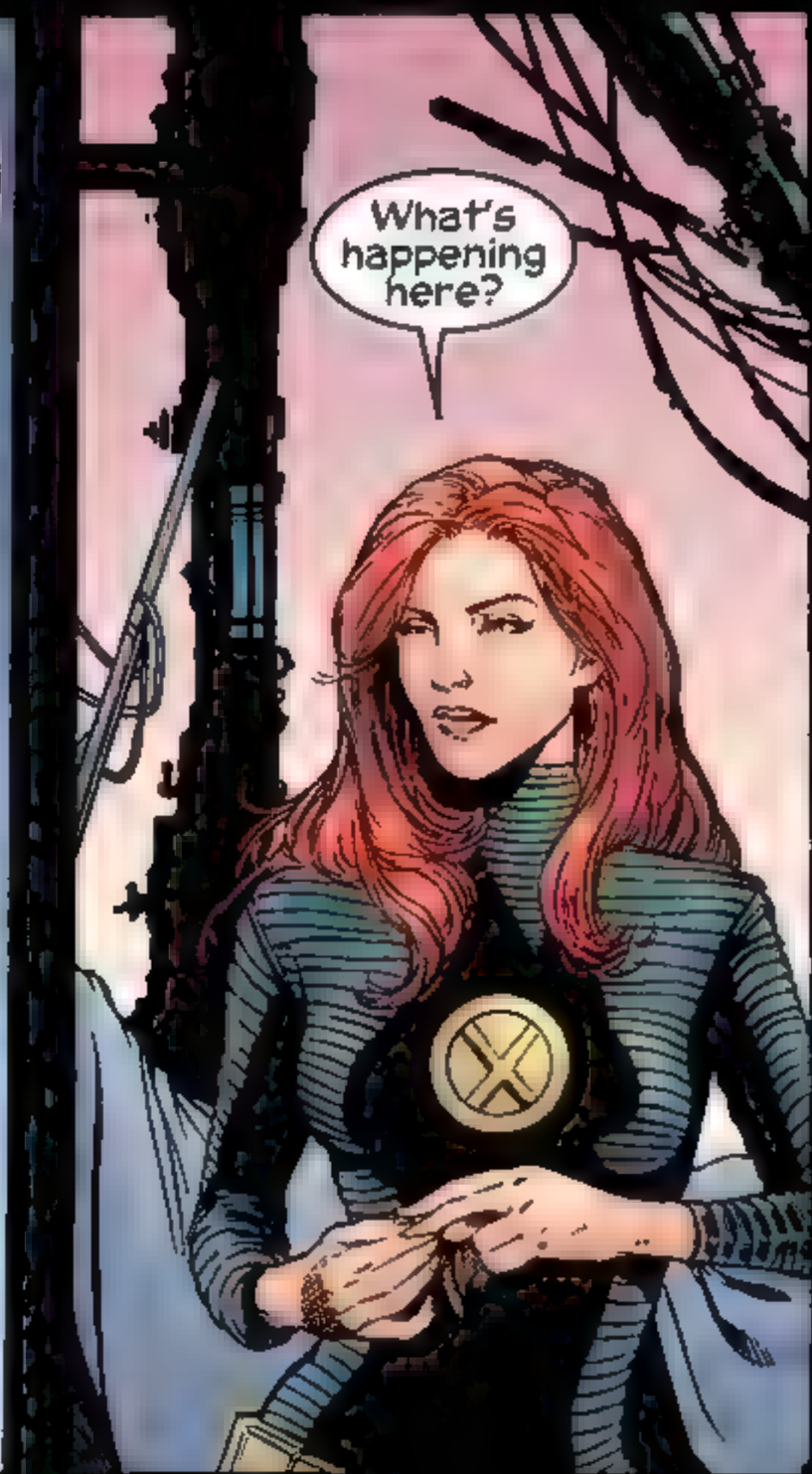
So what *now*, Xavier?
Stand easy, Toad. We're only searching for one of our *people* -- a mutant.
Lorna Dane. *Polaris.*

We think she's in danger.
No one knew Magneto better than you, Toad.
Wouldn't he *want* you to help us protect her?

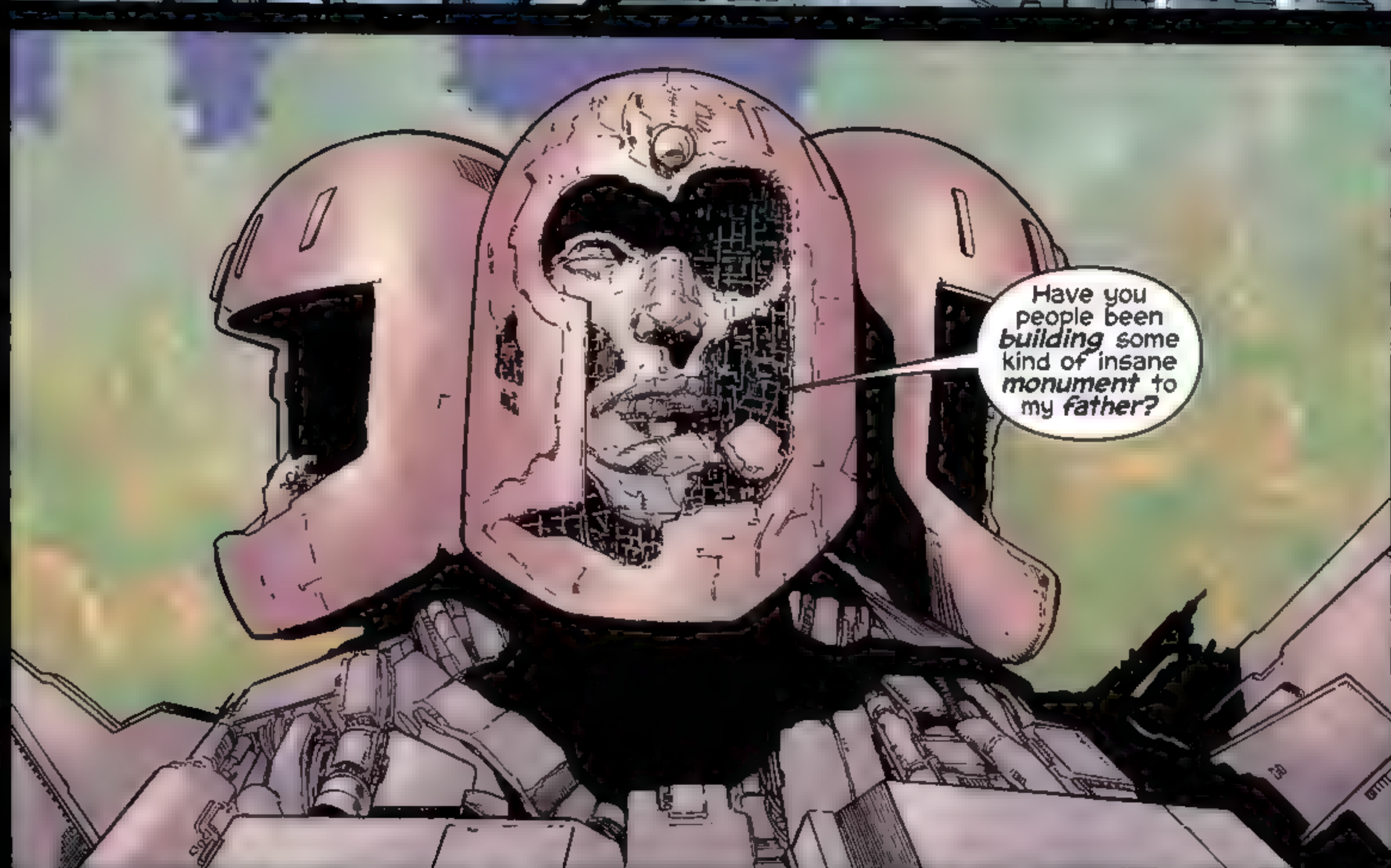
You know all Magneto *ever* wanted, Xavier?
He wanted you to *admit* that human beings were murderous scum.
He only ever wanted you to admit he was *right.*

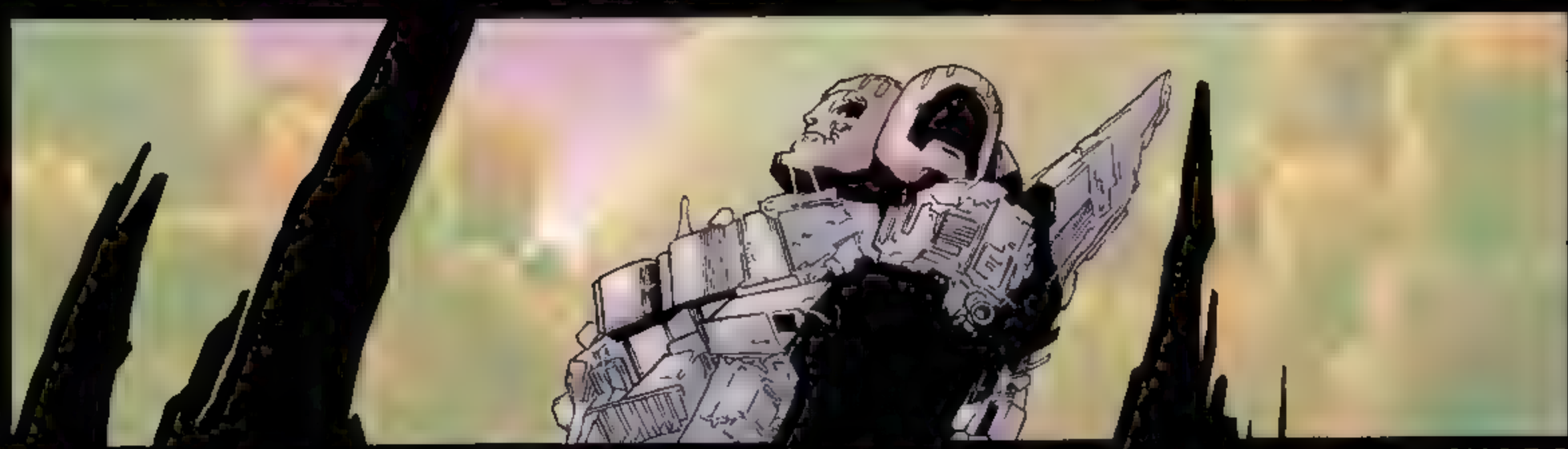

Old man *Shocker* here and *Toad-in-Waiting* as I call the teenage fosser...
Rruurk
...we've *all* seen things... heard voices.
Magneto won't let Genosha or Polaris die... not like you think.

Sure thing.
I was outside picking up scrap for the *Memorial* when I saw the junk moving in patterns and rows all around her.
She was gathering the *dead*, see?

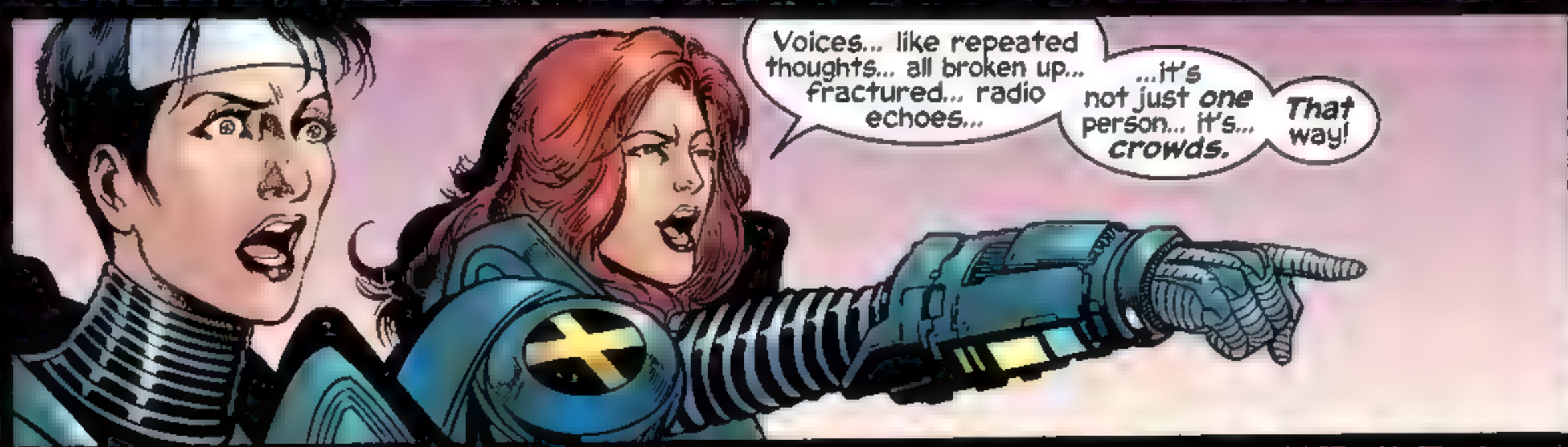

What's happening here?

I've been
looking at
this place.

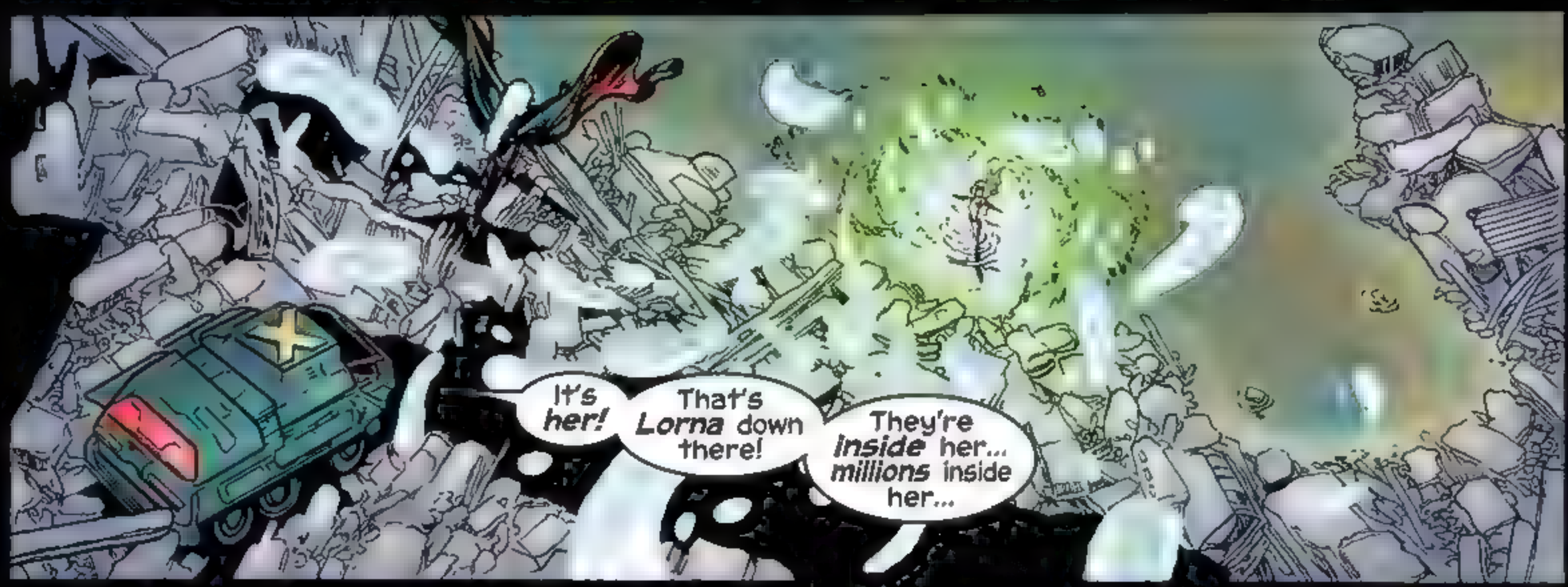

Have you people been *building* some kind of insane *monument* to my *father?*



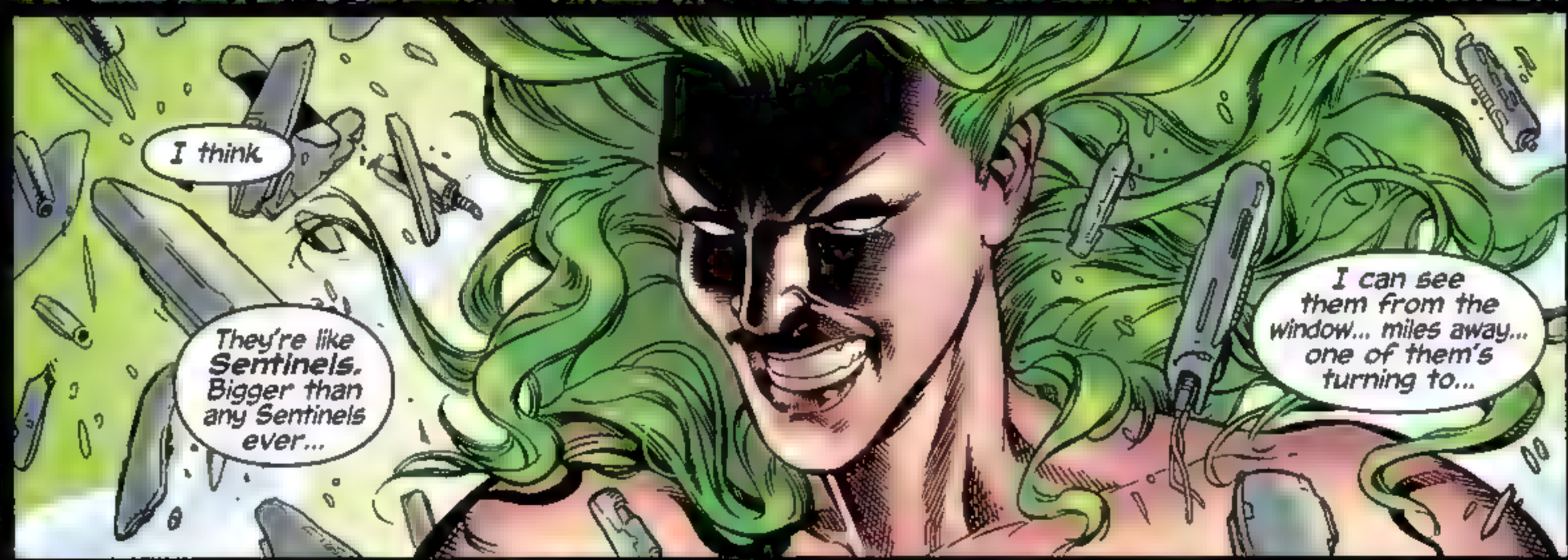
Quicksilver seemed quite eager to *help* in the construction work.
These are strange times, where the super hero and the super-terrorist work together to make *art*.
The ghosts are *back*.
What *are* they?

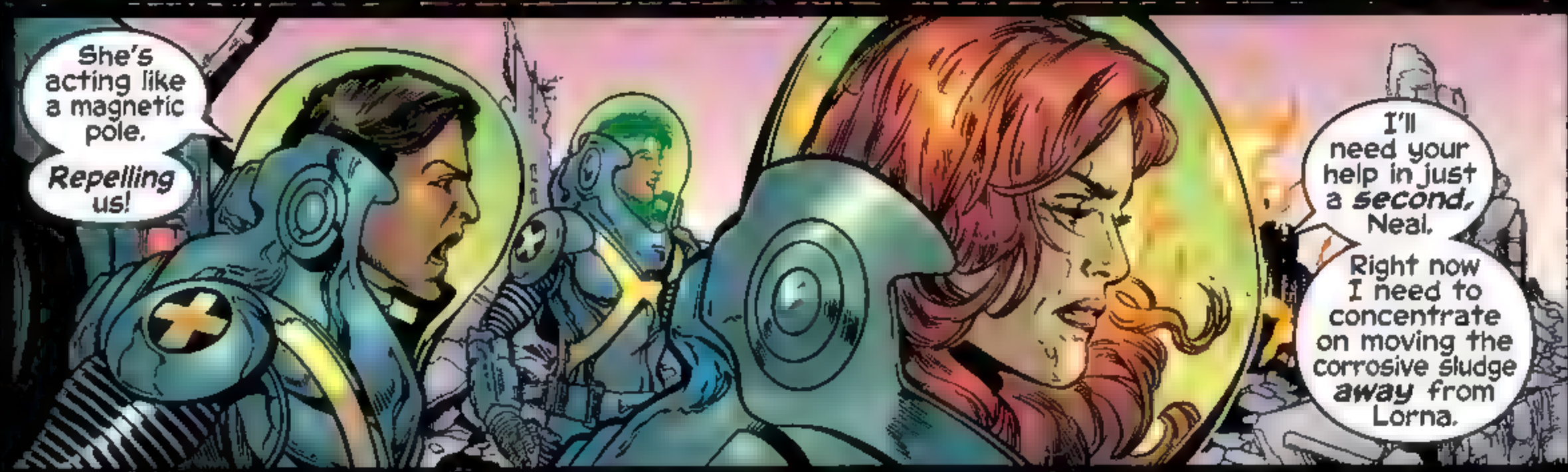

Voices... like repeated thoughts... all broken up... fractured... radio echoes...
...it's not just *one* person... it's... *crowds*.
That way!

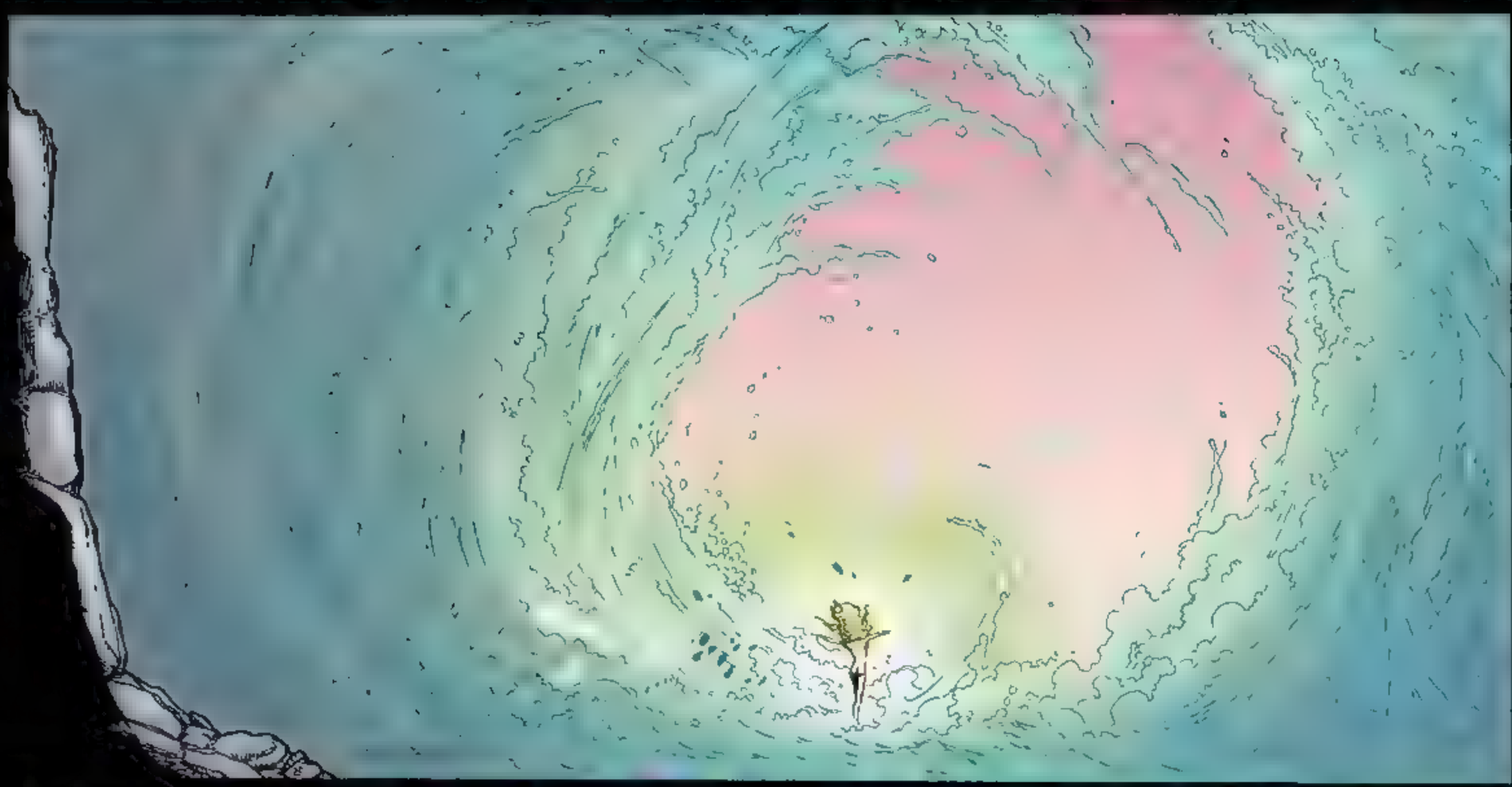
Can you see where the air is bending, Jean?
They're all *around* us! All sweeping in the same direction!

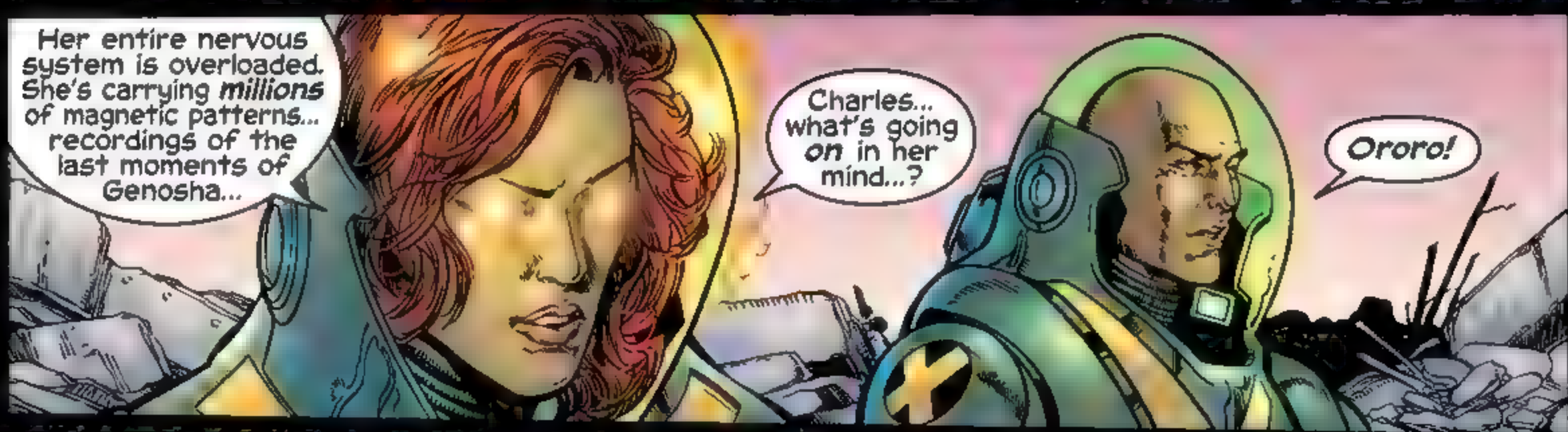

It's her!
That's Lorna down there!
They're inside her... millions inside her...

...oh no, there's a big light outside. I have to go see if...
What's that noise?
I thought I heard President Magneto speaking. The noise is...
I think I'm blind.
Momma

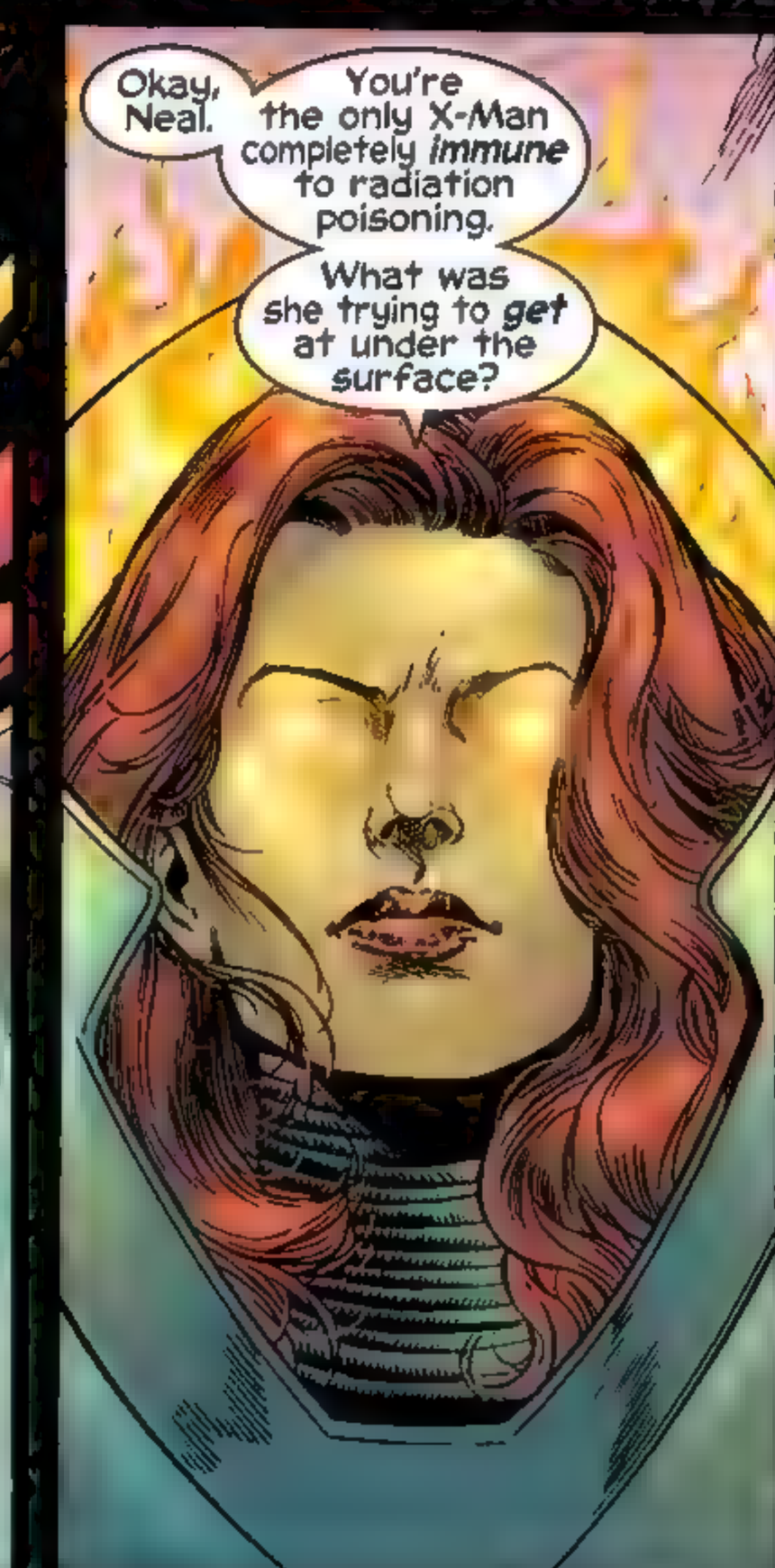

I think
They're like Sentinels. Bigger than any Sentinels ever...
I can see them from the window... miles away... one of them's turning to...

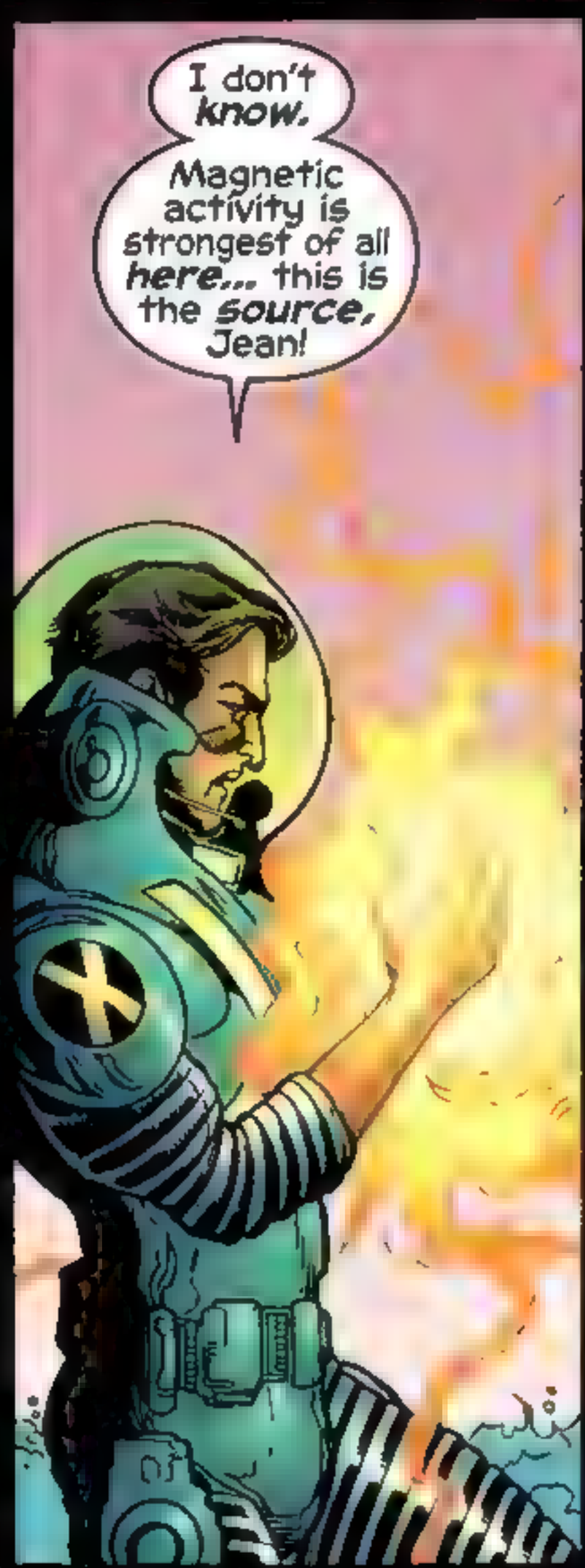

She's acting like a magnetic pole.
Repelling us!
I'll need your help in just a second, Neal.
Right now I need to concentrate on moving the corrosive sludge away from Lorna.




Her entire nervous system is overloaded. She's carrying *millions* of magnetic patterns... recordings of the last moments of Genosha...
Charles... what's going *on* in her mind...?
Ororo!

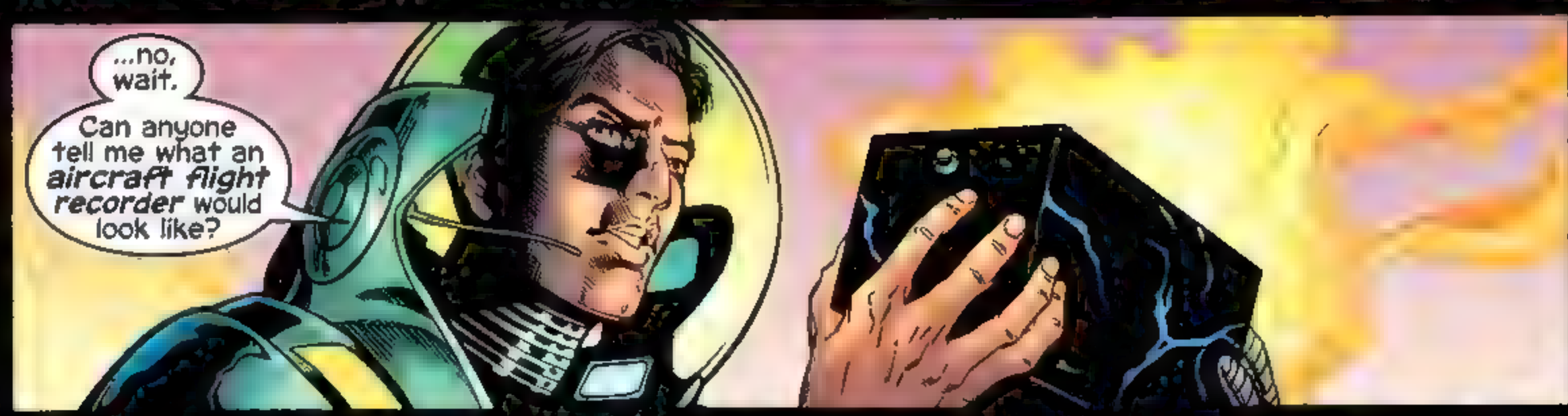
Lorna's safe.
Naked, safe and more than mildly *deranged.*


Okay, Neal.
You're the only X-Man completely *immune* to radiation poisoning.
What was she trying to *get* at under the surface?


I don't *know.*
Magnetic activity is strongest of all *here...* this is the *source,* Jean!

My dental fillings are coming loose from my *skull!*
But I don't...

...there's something here.
I'm not sure what I'm holding...


...no, wait.
Can anyone tell me what an *aircraft flight recorder* would look like?

All the phones are ringing.
Can you hear me?
The floor just fell.
Lorna!
Her consciousness is *bursting* open. We have to --
Jean! Ororo! Help me!

We have to *purge* these forces from Lorna!

An *exorcism,* Charles?

Hold her, Ororo!

He put himself in the recorder! He recorded everyone!

Voices.

Everywhere voices.

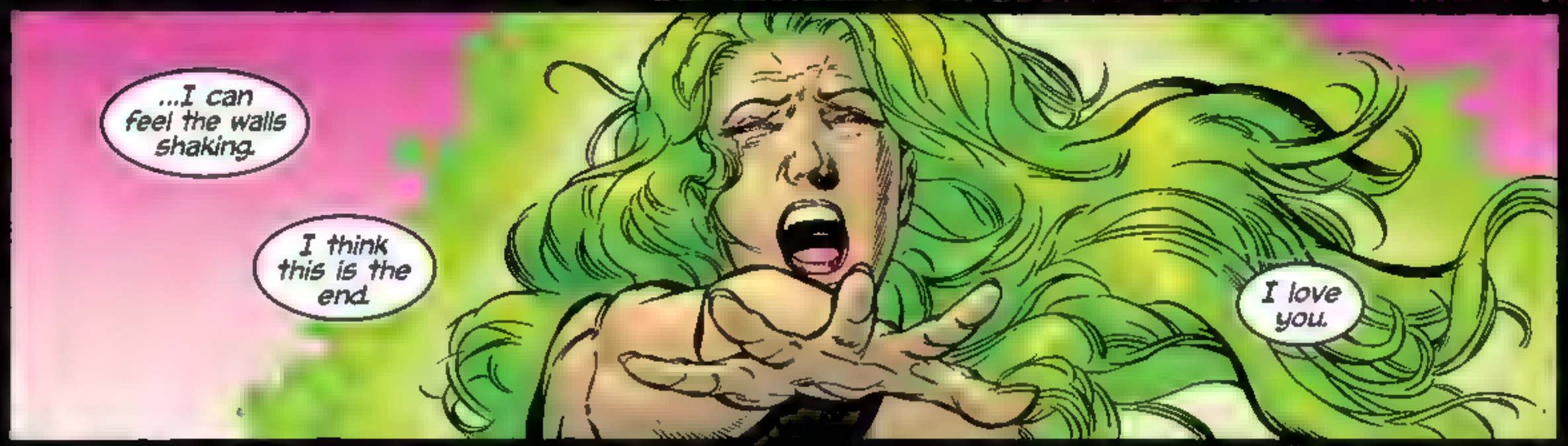
I have to boost the signal!

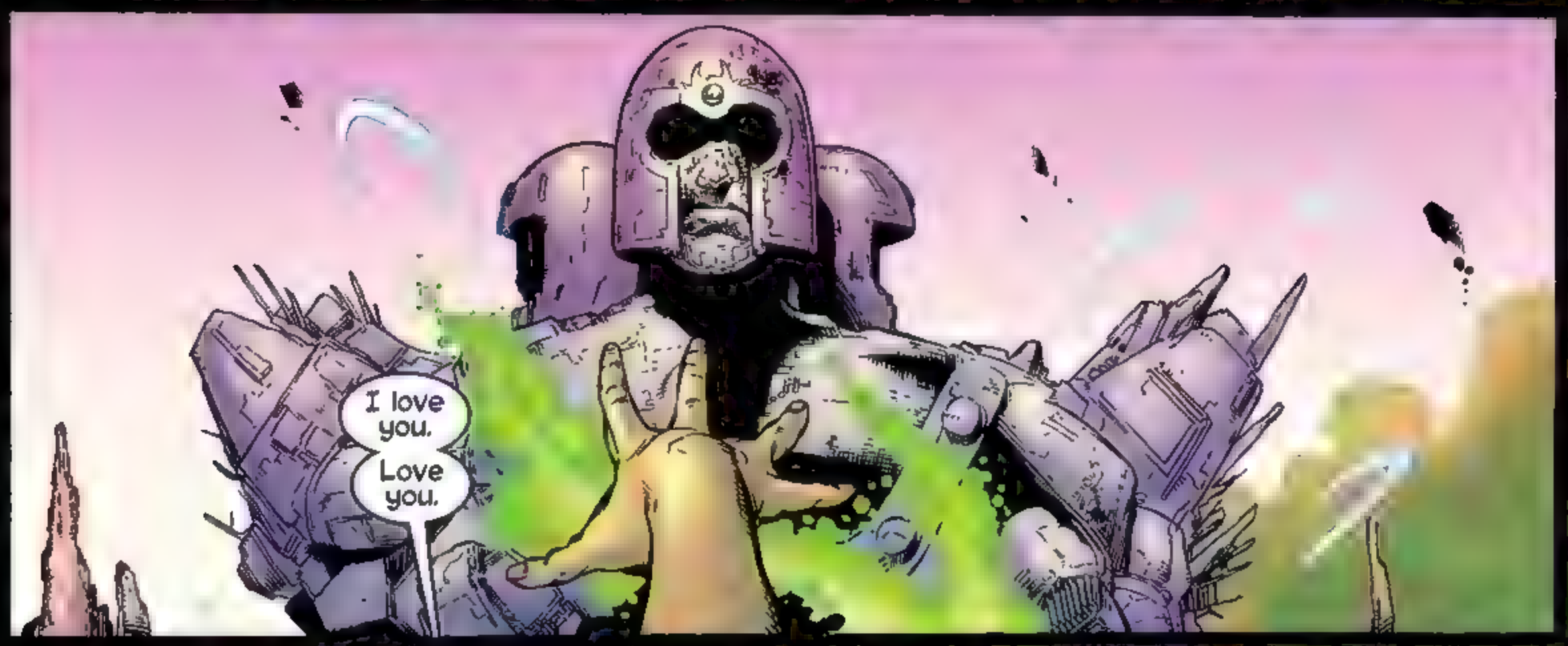
I have to boost the signal!

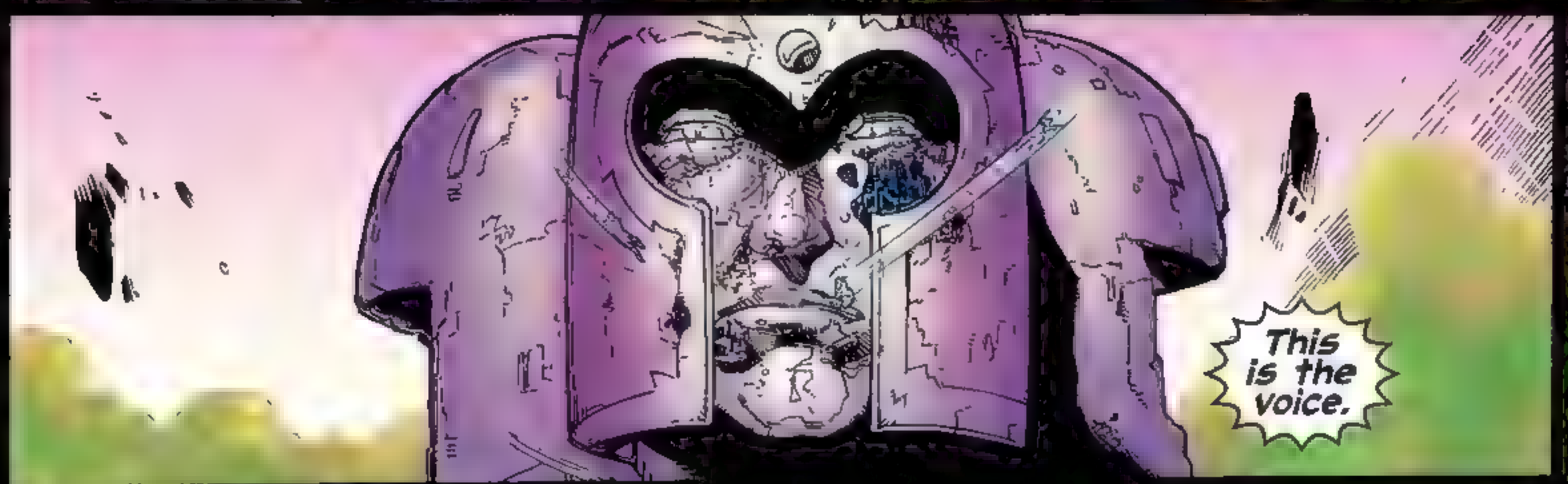
Daddy!

Even I can *hear* them.

Millions of them...

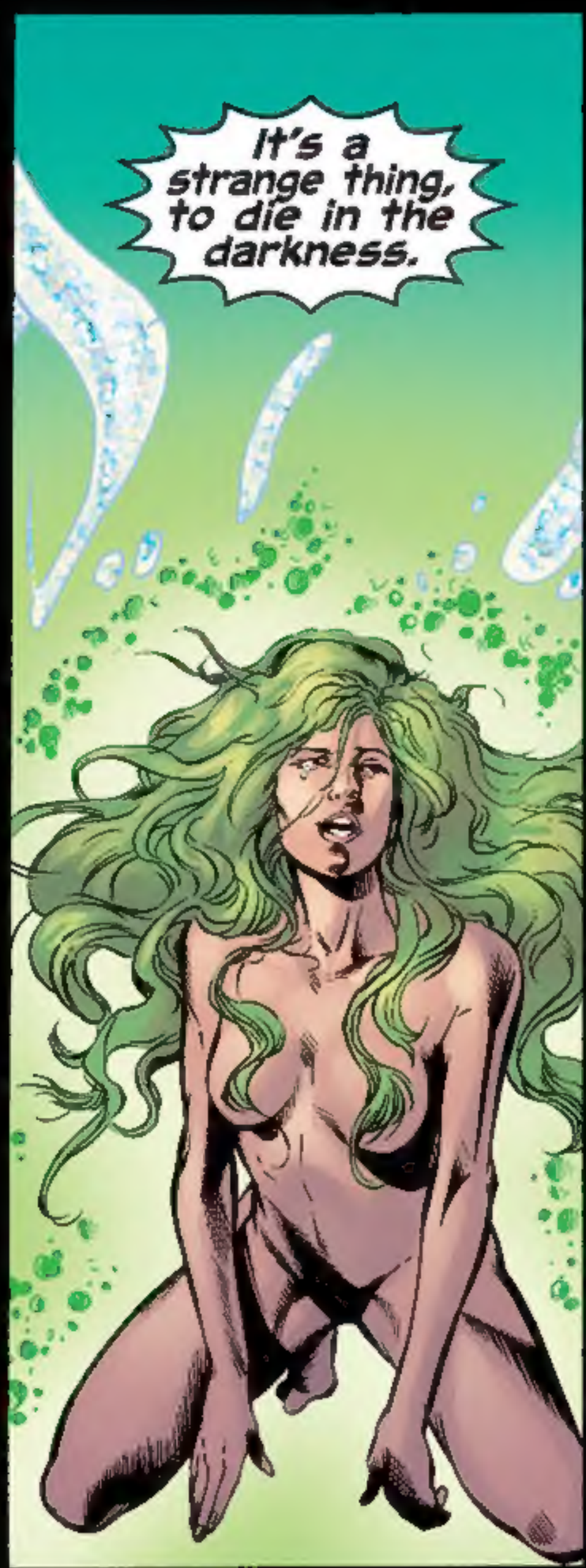

...I can feel the walls shaking.
I think this is the end.
I love you.


I love you.
Love you.

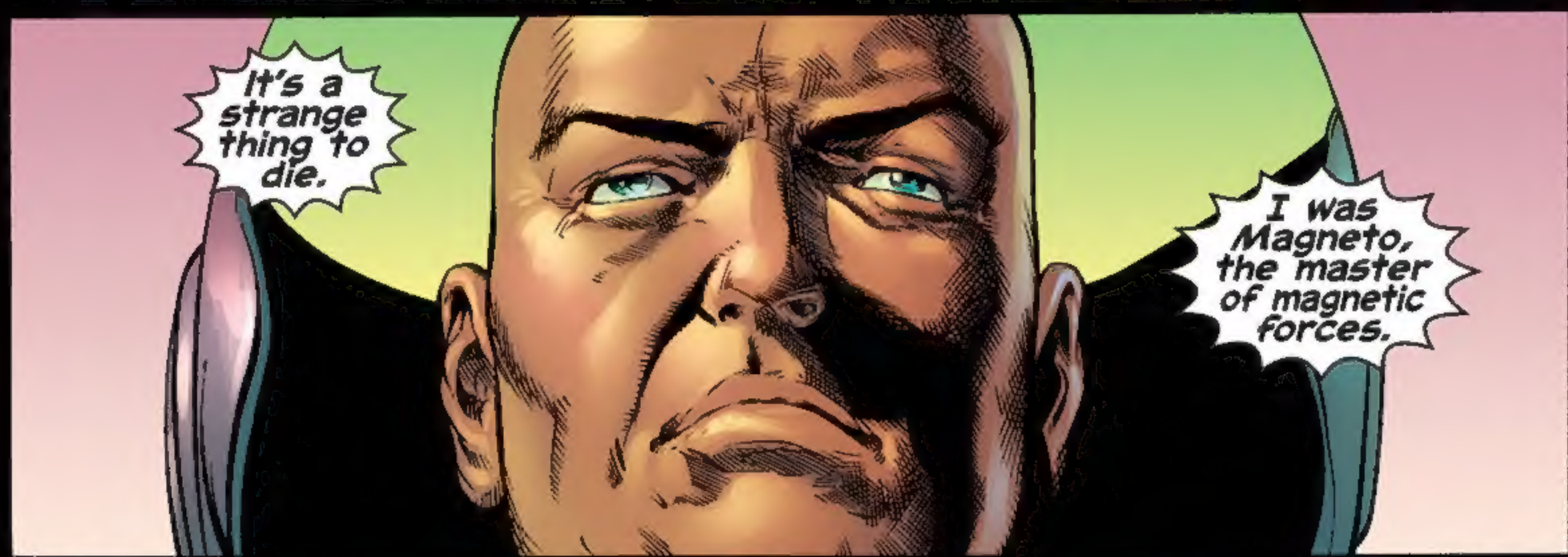

This is the voice.

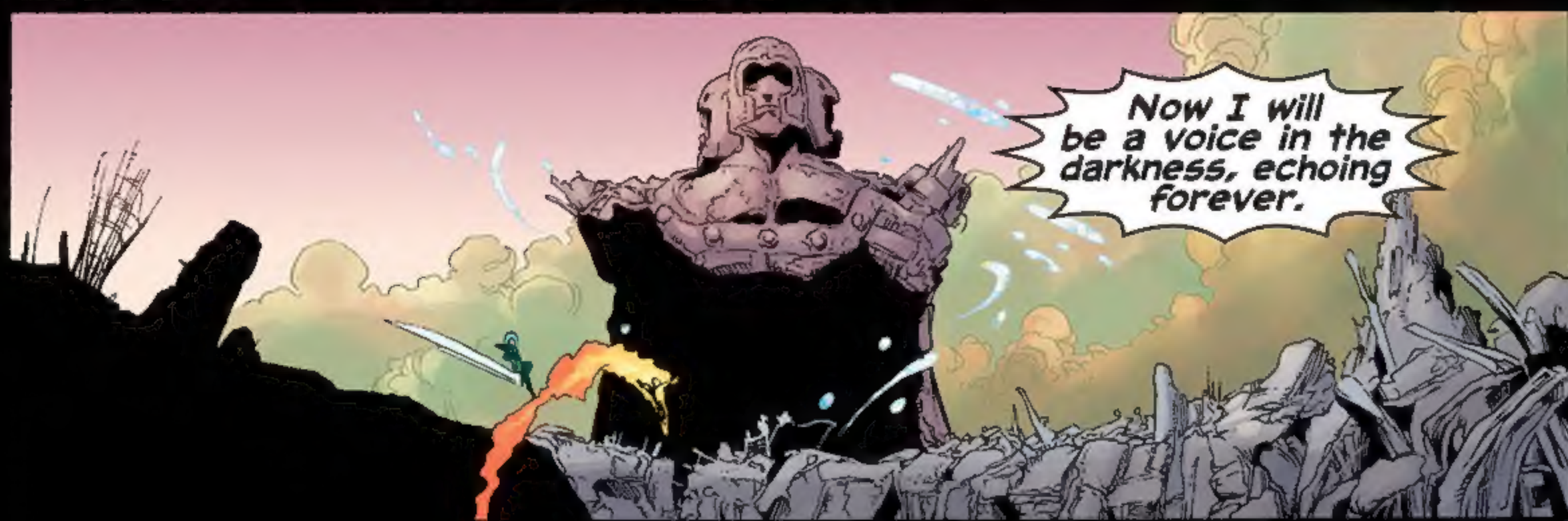
This is the voice of Magneto.

This is the voice of the Genoshan Nation.


It's a strange thing, to die in the darkness.

What's happening?
In the last moments of his life he recorded everything.
These are the last words of Magneto as he lay dying in the ruins.


It's a strange thing to die.
I was Magneto, the master of magnetic forces.


Now I will be a voice in the darkness, echoing forever.

Once, I was a mortal man.

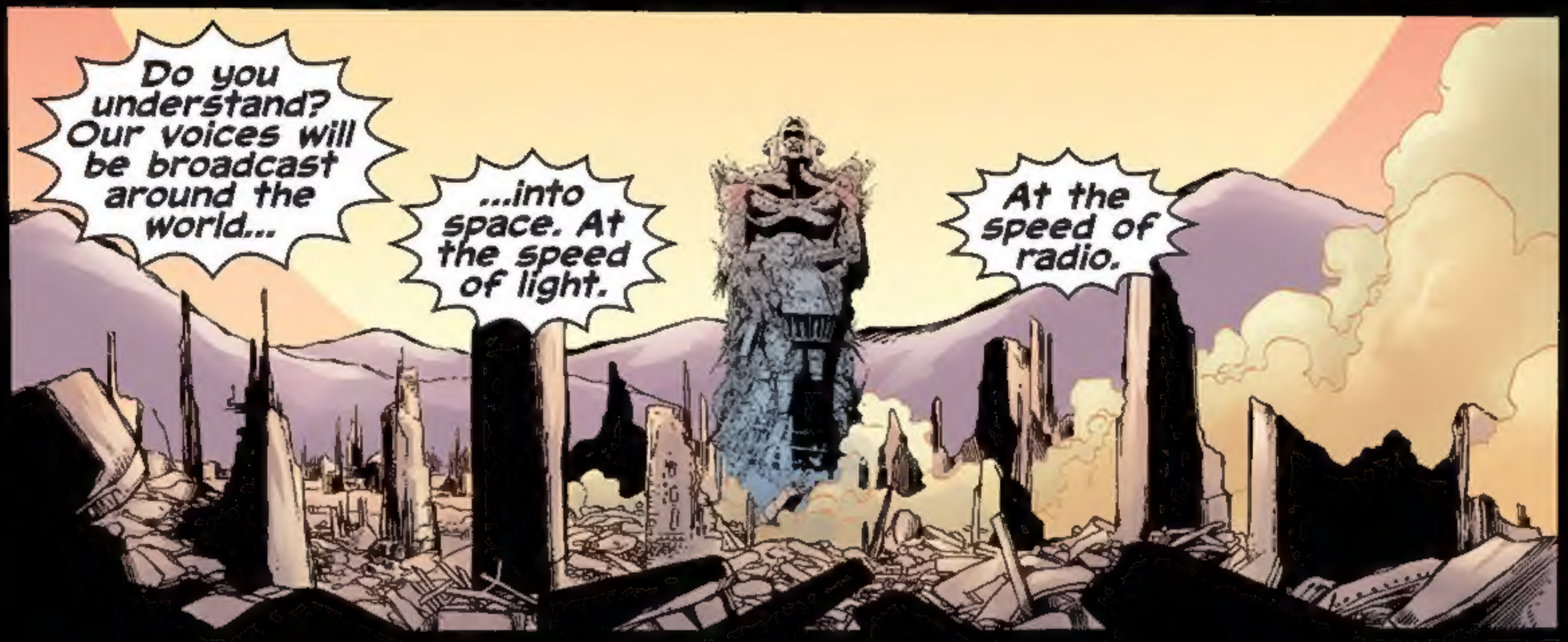
Now I am becoming memory, immortal.

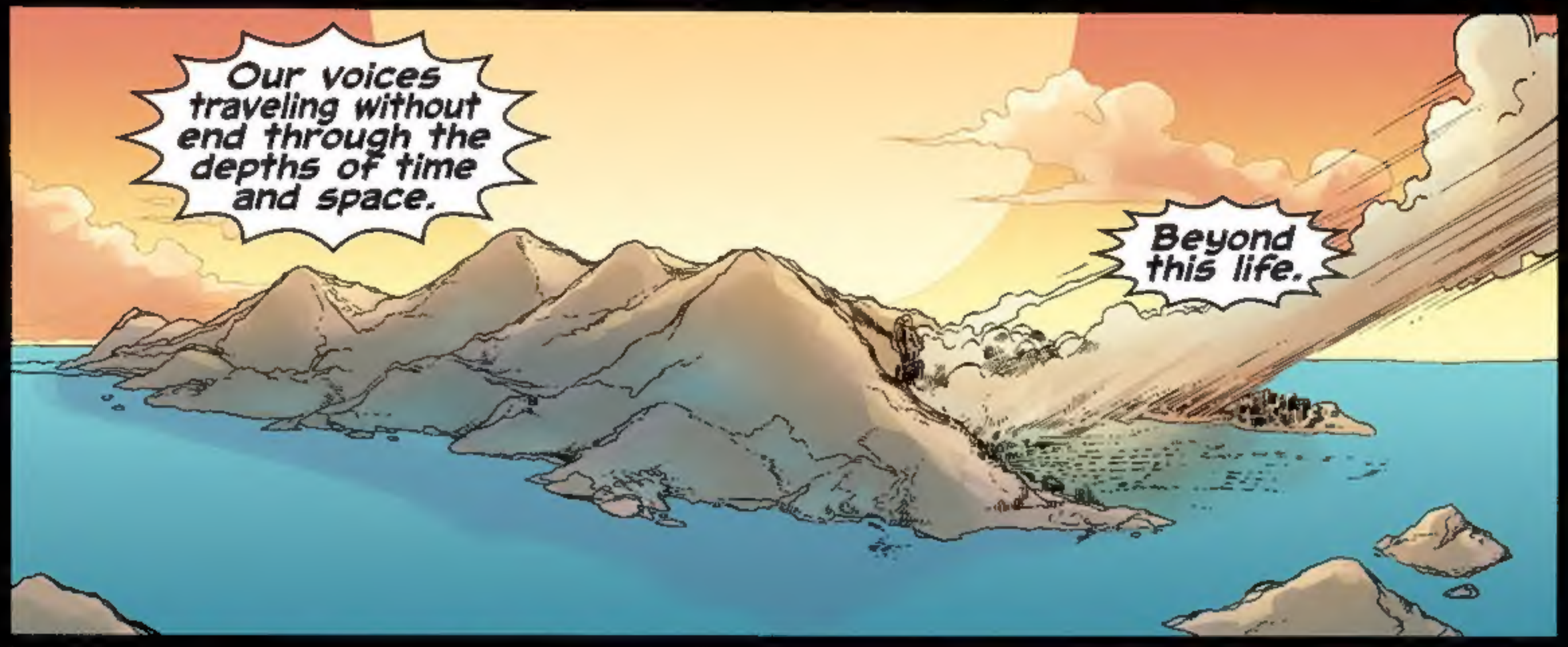
They must have thought they could silence us forever.

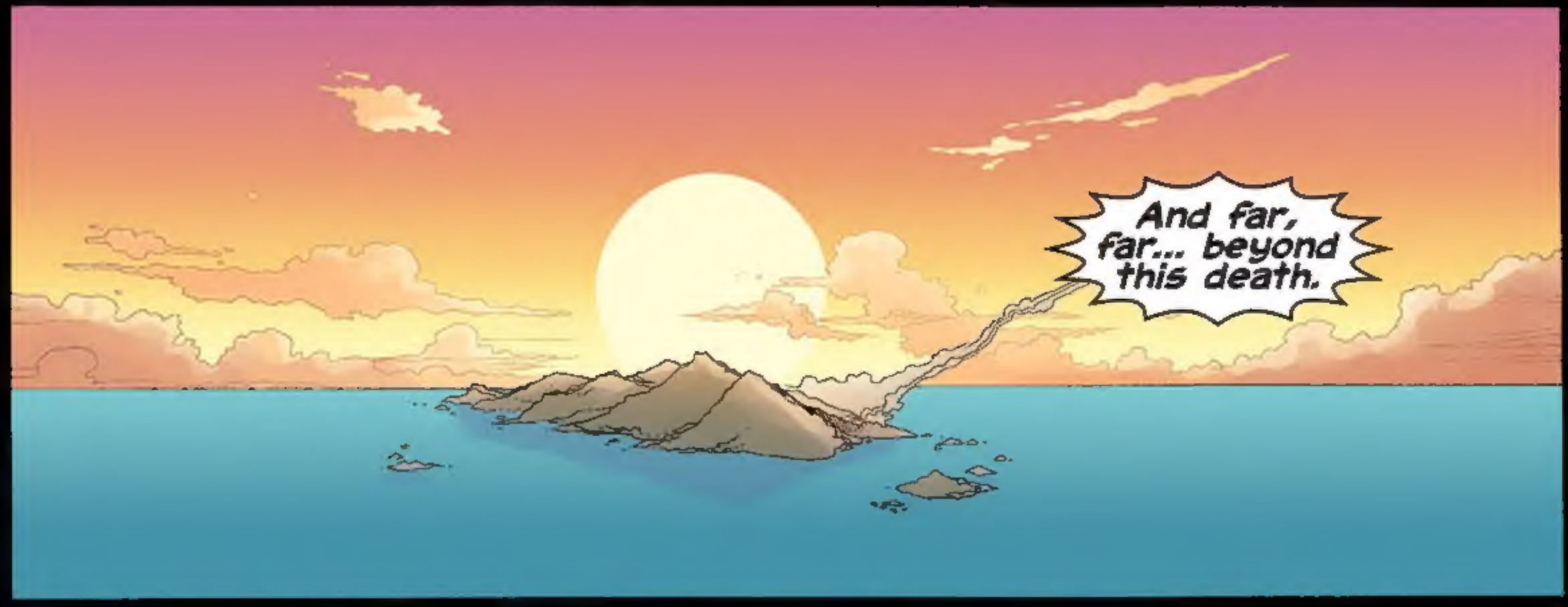
Instead we have become magnetic.

Unstoppable.

My Dad.
Oh, my Dad...
...he saved them all on tape.


Do you understand? Our voices will be broadcast around the world...
...into space. At the speed of light.
At the speed of radio.


Our voices traveling without end through the depths of time and space.
Beyond this life.


And far, far... beyond this death.

END